

produces weakness not strength, sickness not health, death not life; it makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers friendless, and all of them at last beggars; it covers the land with idleness and poverty, disease and crime; it fills our jails, supplies our almshouses, and furnishes subjects for our asylums; it engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots; it condemns law, spurns order; it crowds the penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for the scaffold; it is the life blood of the gambler, the food of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary assassin, the friend and companion of the brothel; it countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer; it violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy; it defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence; it incites the father to butcher his innocent children, helps the husband to kill his wife, and aids the child to grind parricidal ax; it burns man, consumes woman, dejects life, curses God and despises heaven; it suborns witnesses, nurses, perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial crime; it bribes votes, corrupts elections, poisons our institutions, and endangers our government; it degrades the citizen, degrades the legislature, and dishonors the statesman; it brings shame, not honor, terror not safety, despair not hope, misery not happiness, and now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world, and laughs at the ruin it has inflicted upon the human race.

Pause gentle reader. It is liquor that mars the whole consistency and blights the noblest energies of the soul, it wrecks and withers forever the happiness of the domestic fireside. It clogs and dampens all the generous and affectionate avenues of the heart; it makes man a drone in the busy hive of society, an encumbrance to himself, and a source of unhappiness to all around him, it deprives him of his natural energies, and makes him disregarding of the wants of the innocent beings who are nearest to him and dependent upon him, it transforms gifted man (fashioned in the express image of his maker,) into a brute, and causes him to forfeit the affections and break the heart of the innocent and confiding being whom God has made inseparable with himself, and who should look up to him for comfort, protection and support; it causes him contemptuously to disregard the kind admonitions of a merciful Savior. Liquor! Oh, how many earthly Edens hast thou made desolate? How many starved and naked orphans hast thou cast upon the cold charities of an unfriendly world? How many graves hast thou filled with confiding and broken-hearted wives? What sad wrecks hast thou made of brilliant talents and splendid geniuses?

Would to God there was one universal temperance society, and all mankind were members of it; the glorious cause of Christ would be advanced and myriads of bare-footed orphans and broken-hearted wives would chant praises to heaven for the success of the temperance cause; the lost would be reclaimed and bleeding hearts healed. Would to God that all could say:

Free from the burden that grieved me,
I'm washed in the Saviors blood;
Jesus has kindly received me
As one of the children of God.
Now, with my ears will I listen,
List to discover his will;
Ready to hear and to hasten,
Every command to fulfill.

Conemaugh, Pa.

Home Circle

My Mother

MILTON L. MURDOCK

She gave the best years of her life
With joy for me,
And robbed herself, with loving heart,
Unstintingly.

For me with willing hands she toiled
From day to day.
For me she prayed when headstrong youth
Would have its way.

Her gentle arms, my cradle once,
Are weary now;
And Time has set the seal of care
Upon her brow.

And, tho no other eyes than mine
Their meaning trace,
I read my history in the lines
Of her dear face.

And, 'mid His gems, who showers gifts
As shining sands,
I count her days as pearls that fall
From His kind hands.

A Rich Boy

Exchange.

"Oh, my," said Ben, "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning around quickly. "How much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben in surprise.

"Yes! What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball, and, oh, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, indeed!"

"And your arms—I guess you wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for \$10,000 would you?"

"No, sir."

"Nor your good health?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than \$5,000 apiece at the very least, don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now, How would you like to

have \$50,000 and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben; \$50,000 is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for that much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that much at least. Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—"legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten, and eyes fifty—that makes a hundred. You are worth \$100,000 at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh, and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those fifty-thousand-dollar eyes at the beautiful things about you and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are."

It was a lesson that Ben never forgot, and since that day every time he sees a cripple or a blind man, he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented.

You Ought To

Rev. Wayland Hoyt.

Do you know the Scriptures better than you did a year ago? You ought to. Have more places in the Bible to which you go as the bird goes to her retreat? You ought to. Are there more precious spots in the Bible than there once were? There ought to be. Suppose that some one had intrusted me with a great matter, and had given me written instructions as to how to conduct it; and, suppose that when I felt like it I went and read a sentence, and then, after a week, half a dozen sentences; I should have only the most fragmentary knowledge of my instructions. But how many Christians treat the Bible just that way?

Morning Prayer

Father, help Thy little child;
Make me truthful, good and mild,
Kind, obedient, modest, meek,
Mindful of the words I speak,
What is right may I pursue,
What is wrong refuse to do,
What is evil seek to shun;
This I ask thru Christ, Thy Son.

Abstainers of Bible Times

Rev. Henry Burton.

What says the Bible upon the temperance question? It speaks in bold words against the use of wine, and teaches by the lives of noted abstainers that stimulants are not necessary, that without them labor can be arduous and prolonged. The men of brain force and muscular vigor never tasted wine. Let us borrow the wand of the witch of Endor and call up Samuel. Can we find a nobler specimen of a man or one who lived more intensely than he? He is the historian, writing down these sacred records when literature was young. He is the statesman who could either crown kings or chide them. He was the saint who kept near God as "his right arm." He was the prophet thru whose lips of fire Jehovah Himself spoke. But